

King's Children.

WHAT FLOWERS TEACH US.

[Selected and read at Ashland K. C., by Miss Clara Worst.]

The flowers are the angels of the grass: they all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak they scream; when the cataracts speak they roar, but when the flowers speak they always whisper. I will attempt to interpret their message. What have ye to say, O ye angels of the grass? I mean to discuss here what flowers are good for. In the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us, saying: "God will give you apparel and food." We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well-sweep with which to draw water; but God *slakes* our thirst with dew, and God feeds us with the bread of sunshine, and God has apparelled us with more, than the *regality* of Solomon. We are prophetesses of *adequate* wardrobe. If God so clothe us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration. Mungo Park, the great traveller and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die, but seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass; I add now they are the angels of the sky.

If you insist on asking me the question: What are flowers good for? I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. We want Old Mortality with his chisel to go through the grave-yards of Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand, we want Old Mortality to have some flower-seed in the palm of the other hand.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral Gospel. Pillows of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.

Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain.

If I had my way I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden-handled casket or pine box, whether in a king's *mausoleum* or potter's field, with radiant and aromatic *aborescence*. The Bible says, in the midst of the garden there was a sepulchre. I wish every sepulchre might be in the midst of a garden. All the cut flowers of Easter day will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cut them. They are bleeding their life away: they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits.

Oh, yes, flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they drink, they eat. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, and their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower!

Change and decay on all around I see;
Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me!

FROM GOSHEN, IND.

Our K. C. Society is growing more interesting at every meeting. Although we have not a great many members, we are trying to be true workers for the King, for has not Christ our King, in his word said, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." None are too small, too feeble, too poor, to be of service. Think of this and act, although we cannot do great deeds. We will do what we can. He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any. Let us not be simply good, but good for something. How sweet 'twill be at evening if you and I can say, Good Shepherd, we've been seeking the lambs that went astray.

Heartsore and faint with hunger,
We heard them making moan;
And lo, we came at nightfall,
Bearing them safely home.

Aug. 16. LAURA JESSUP.

LOVE's conclusions are always logical.

I WILL STILL PRESS ON.

C. F. YODER.

Whatever may come,
I will cling to the cross,
Vain thing of the world,
I will count them but loss.
Through the world's dark night,
I will still press on,
For right is still might,
And faith shall o'ercome.

That I may win Christ,
I still will press on,
I will count all but loss
And still press on

And on,

And on,

And on.

Though sometimes I fall,
And my strength is gone,
I will rise in His name,
And still press on.
I will conquer myself,
I will conquer the world,
And will press toward my home,
With banner unfurled.

Misfortunes may come,
Sorrows brood in my hearth,
And Famine's guant hand,
May crush me to earth.
Yet, still will I rise,
And still will press on,
Toward victory's prize
In eternity's dawn.

Though dark Rumor flies
To slander my race,
And enemies rise
And mock in my face;
Though friegs should betray,
I still will press on
Toward the glorious day,
Where my Savior has gone.

KING'S CHILDREN CONVENTION, ILLIAKOTA DISTRICT.

Very little has been said about the King's Children Convention at Brooklyn, Iowa, in September. We have been very busy, so has every one else, but that has not hindered us from getting up a pretty good program. Some of the topics are given below, and a complete program will be printed next week. Brother Talley, the National President, will give us a practical talk on how to supply (and use) money for the district treasury.

Brother J. L. Gillen, of Hudson, Iowa, on Literature, its kind and uses in the K. C.

The committee work will be discussed, and we will be told how to turn hindrances into helps. Ample time will be given after each talk for discussion and questions as each speaker will be stopped when his time is up. Come ready to ask and answer questions. Each delegate will be asked to report and *expected* to talk on all subjects. We want to have a good convention, so come and bring all you can. More next week.

WESLEY C. WINE, Dist. Pres.